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A Merry Xmas for Lane.

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HALF-BREED  
Camp  
N.W.T.



# OUR LAND

ILLUSTRATED  
IN ART & SONG

• TORONTO-CANADA •  
TORONTO WILLARD TRACT  
• DEPOSITORY •

MY footsteps press where centuries ago  
The Red Men fought and conquered, lost and won,  
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,  
Have found the Eternal Hunting grounds, and run  
The fiery Gauntlet of their active days,  
Till few are left to tell the mournful tale.

Chas. Sangster

1887  
(38)

# NIAGARA.

Low on forever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty; God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud  
Mantles around thy feet, and He doth give  
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him  
Eternally; bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar  
Pour incense of awe-struck praise.

Lydia H. Sigourney



THE  
THREE SISTER  
Islands





# QUEBEC.

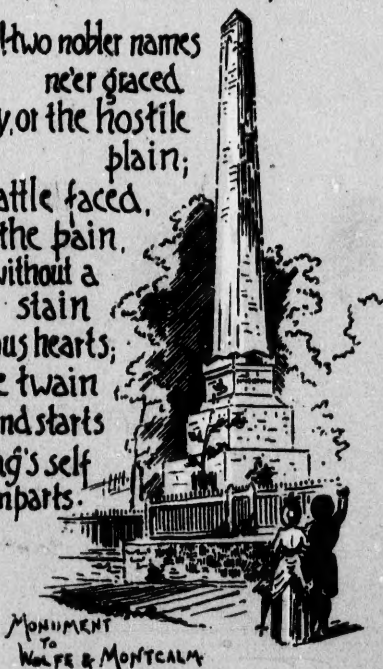


**QUEBEC!** how regally it crowns the height,  
 Like a stunned giant on a solid throne!  
 Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,  
 The roar of cannon mingling with the moan  
 Of mutilated soldiers years ago,  
 That gave the place a glory and a name  
 Among the nations, France was heard to groan,  
 England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim—  
 A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her fame.


**WOLF** and Montcalm two nobler names  
 ne'er graced  
 The page of history, or the hostile  
 plain;  
 No braver souls the storm of battle faced,  
 Regardless of the danger or the pain,  
 They passed unto their rest without a  
 stain  
 Upon their nature or their generous hearts;  
 Our graceful column to the noble twain  
 Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts  
 The tear that valour claims and feeling's self  
 imparts.



Chas. Sangster.



MONUMENT  
 TO  
 WOLFE & MONTCALM



The Lord is  
my Rock  
and my  
Fortress  
and my  
deliverer, and  
my high tower.

Psalm XVIII. 2

The City of God

# MONTREAL.



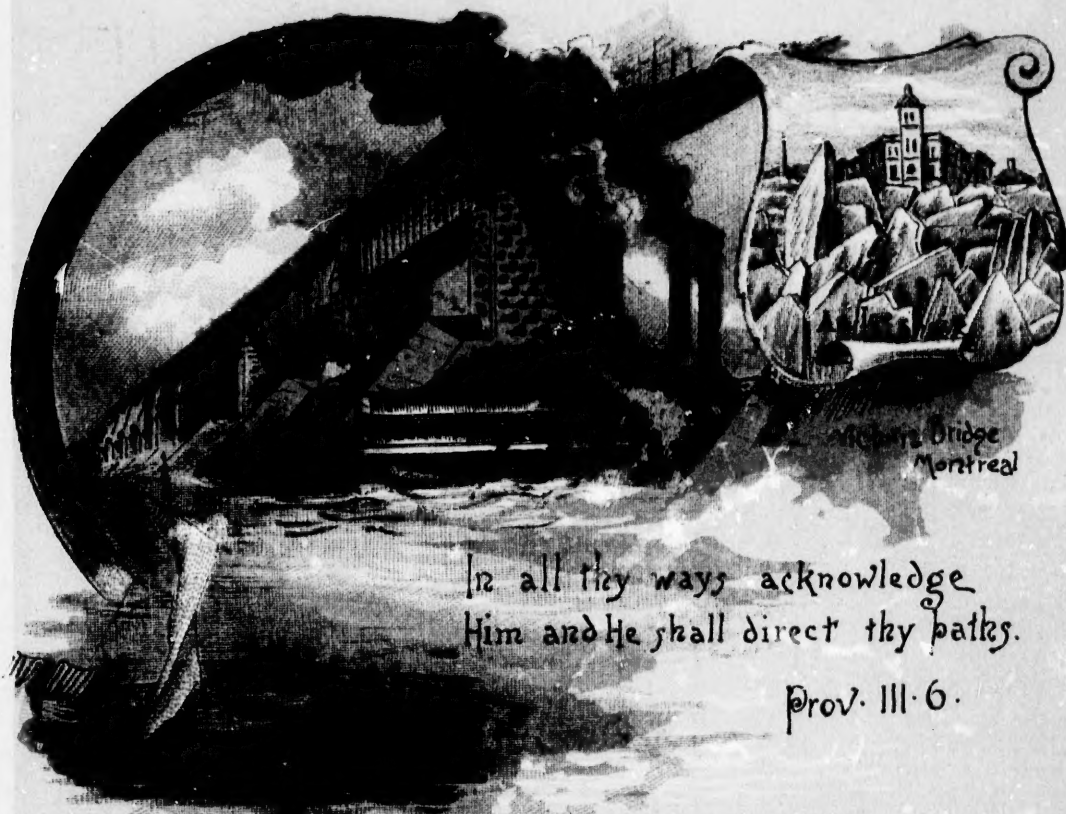
SPRUNG from the hope of noble hearts,  
Brought into being through sacrifice  
Of men and women who played their parts  
And counted not their lives as the price.  
She has grown in her strength like a Northern Queen  
Neath her crown of light and her robe of snow,  
And stands in her beauty fair, between  
The Royal Mount and the River below

Changing its hue with the changing skies  
The river flows in its beauty rare,  
While across the plain eternal, rise  
Boucherville, Rougemont and St. Hilaire.  
Far to the Westward lies Lachine,  
Gate of the Orient long ago,  
When the virgin forest swept between  
The Royal Mount and the River below.



MONTREAL FROM  
ST. HELENS  
ISLAND





In all thy ways acknowledge  
Him and He shall direct thy paths.

Prov. III. 6.

With its convent buildings low and white  
Nun's Island lies, half wood, half plain,  
While abreast of the city green and bright  
Springs the wooded crest of St. Helene.  
In the East the shimmer of waves is seen,  
Where the River spreads in its onward flow  
From the Royal City that lies between  
Its Royal mount and the River below.

William McLennan.

# TORONTO.



ANDWARD the soft and pure lake breezes blow  
Across a silver-sailed whitening tide  
Of bright blue waters bearing to the land  
Niagara's foam, Superior's agate sand.  
They blow upon a city throned low,  
But strong, immutable, conscious in her pride  
That here, firm loyalty to law, fair truth and peace abide.

With chestnut bloom her streets in spring are gay  
For coronal she wears in Autumn hours  
The scarlet jewels of the mountain ash,  
The ruddy gems that make the maple's flash,  
And flood the darkling world with hues of day;  
She floats not one flag only from her towers,  
Beside her blood-bought banners wave the flags of many powers.

For not the home of Englishmen alone  
Shall be this mighty city. Unto her  
All men, all nations yet shall bow the knee,  
Grow rich and wise and strong in equity  
Taste no Lethean Lotos, make no moan  
For past or present, raise without demur  
A purer Athens, gentler Rome, where sages shall confer.

Toronto



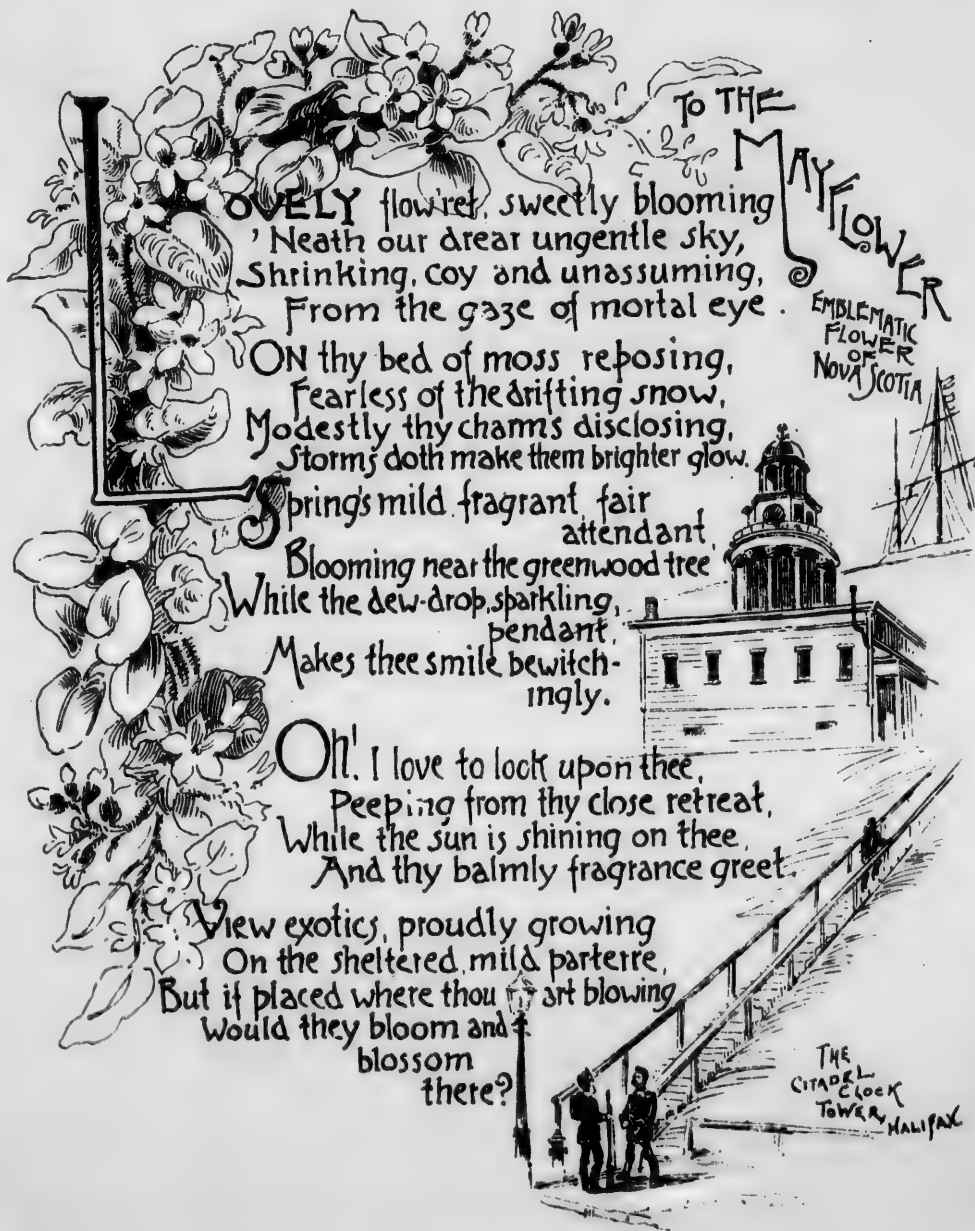


The fear of the Lord is the  
beginning of Knowledge.

Prov. 1.7.

**A**ND fair among her monuments shall stand,  
Though all else change, her Alma Mater dear,  
The sculptured porch, the light of ruby glass,  
The pillared cloisters set in emerald grass,  
Were almost fitter for some older land,  
But that they're hers, and being hers are here,  
And she will not disparage them, although they rise so near.  
From that grey tower a vision wide is spread  
Of happy town and country lying fair,  
A flush with orchards, merry with gay farms,  
Peopled with honest hearts and lusty arms.  
Where Rouille stood a column lifts its head,  
Go! wondering thousands, view it and compare  
Your teeming city with the fort that once stood lonely  
there.

Seranus



TO THE  
MAYFLOWER

LOVELY flower, sweetly blooming  
'Neath our drear ungentle sky,  
Shrinking, coy and unassuming,  
From the gaze of mortal eye.

EMBLEMATIC  
FLOWER  
OF  
NOVA SCOTIA

ON thy bed of moss reposing,  
Fearless of the drifting snow,  
Modestly thy charms disclosing,  
Storms doth make them brighter glow.

Spring's mild, fragrant, fair  
attendant,

Blooming near the greenwood tree

While the dew-drop, sparkling,  
pendant,

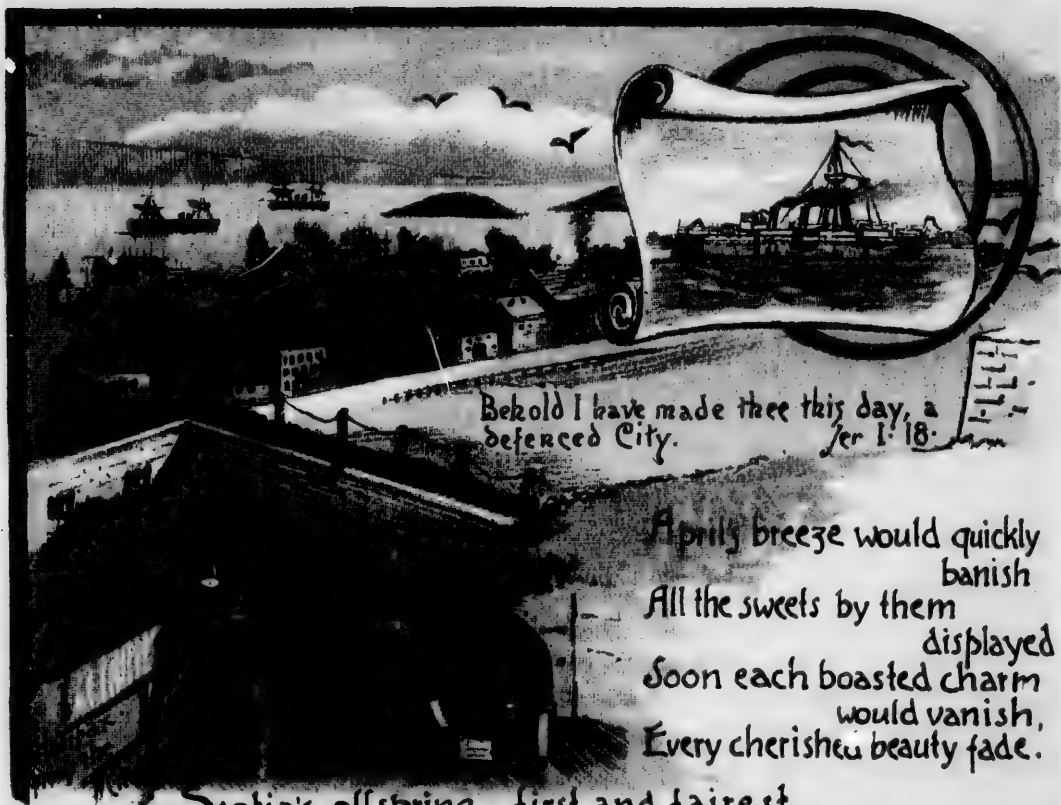
Makes thee smile bewitch-  
ingly.

Oh! I love to look upon thee,  
Peeping from thy close retreat,  
While the sun is shining on thee,  
And thy balmly fragrance greet.

View exotics, proudly growing  
On the sheltered mild parterre,  
But if placed where thou art blowing  
Would they bloom and  
blossom  
there?

THE  
CITADEL  
CLOCK  
TOWER  
HALIFAX





Behold I have made thee this day, a  
defenced City. Jer 1. 18.

April's breeze would quickly  
banish  
All the sweets by them  
displayed  
Soon each boasted charm  
would vanish,  
Every cherished beauty fade.

Scotia's offspring - first and fairest,  
Nurst in snows, by storms caressed.  
Oh! how lovely thou appearest  
When in all thy beauty dress'd.

Red and white, so sweetly blending,  
O'er thy fragrance throw a flush  
While beneath the dew-drop bending,  
Rivall'd but by beauty's blush.

Welcome little crimson favor  
To our glades and valleys wild,  
Scotia asked and flora gave her.  
Precious boon, her fairest child

Hon. Joseph Howe.

# CHAUDIÈRE FALLS

## OTTAWA

BEFORE DAWN.

**T**he stars are stars of morn, a keen wind wakes  
The birches on the slope, the distant hills  
Rise in the vacant North, the Chaudière fills  
The calm with its hushed roar, the river takes  
An unquiet rest, and a bird stirs, and shakes  
The morn with music, a snatch of song thrills  
From the river; and the air elings and chills.  
Fair, in the South, fair as a shrine that makes  
The wonder of a dream, imperious towers  
Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the halls  
Where our young strength is welded strenuously,  
While in the East the star of morning dowers  
The land, with a large tremulous light that falls  
A pledge and presage of our destiny.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

The law of the land is  
perfect covering  
the soul *Brain on*

Parliament Buildings  
Ottawa.



## Our Land.

**M**ethought in visions of the night-  
I saw as in a dream  
Our fair Dominion spread in  
Elysian sight,  
As from a prophet's mount  
of vision,  
From east to west it seemed  
to be  
Across the continent  
extended,  
And mighty stream and in-  
land sea

Gleamed in the sun - a vision splendid.  
Fair heritage and fruitful soil,  
This land - our own - we fondly cherish,  
Kept for us by the blood and toil  
Of those whose memory ne'er should perish,  
A land where Nature's forces teach  
A lesson stern, of bravely bearing  
Danger and ill - and youth may reach  
A prime of right and noble daring.  
Fidelis.

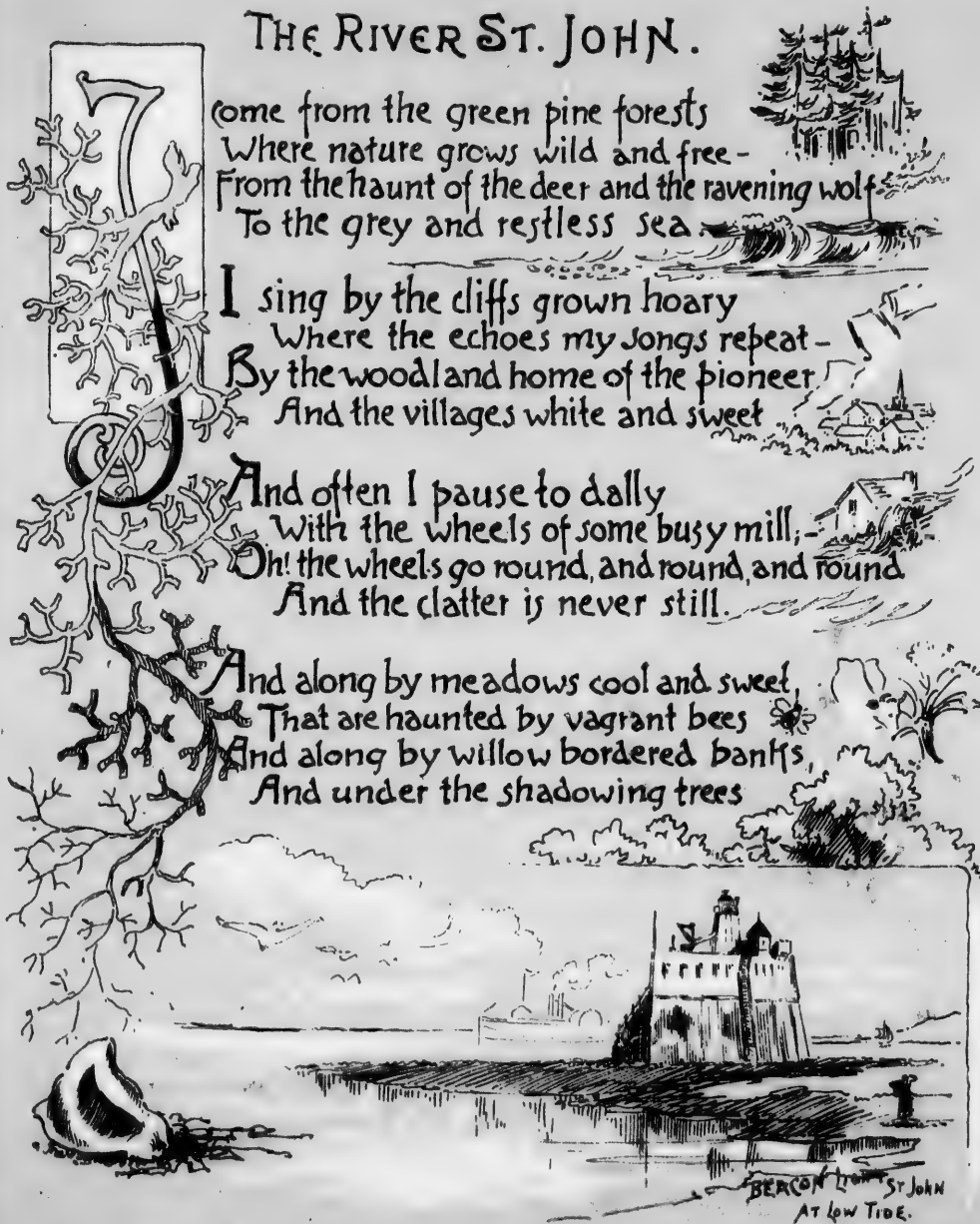
## THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

7 Come from the green pine forests  
Where nature grows wild and free -  
From the haunt of the deer and the ravening wolf  
To the grey and restless sea

I sing by the cliffs grown hoary  
Where the echoes my songs repeat -  
By the woodland home of the pioneer  
And the villages white and sweet

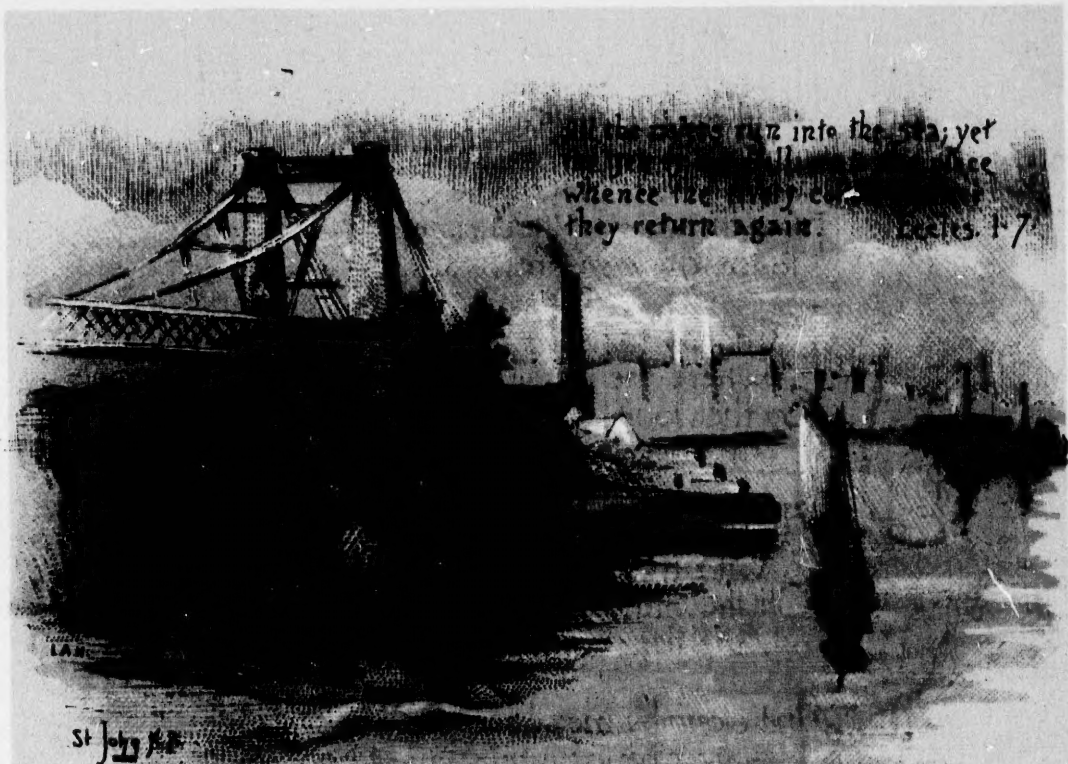
And often I pause to dally  
With the wheels of some busy mill; -  
Oh! the wheels go round, and round, and round  
And the clatter is never still.

And along by meadows cool and sweet,  
That are haunted by vagrant bees  
And along by willow bordered banks,  
And under the shadowing trees



BEACON LIGHT ST. JOHN  
AT LOW TIDE.





All the waters run into the sea; yet  
whence the rivers come, thence  
they return again. Eccles. 1-7

I pause by the bustling city  
With its heavenward pointing spires  
And I sob at a thought of the toilers there  
With never quenched desires.  
Till at length my journey is ended  
Afar from the land of the pine;  
Bend low, I will whisper a secret  
This story of mine is thine

H. L. Spencer.

OUR LAND ILLUSTRATED  
IN ART & SONG,

Entered according to act of the Parliament  
of Canada in the year 1887, by the  
TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY (US)  
in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.



Alexander & Cable.



79764



Thunder Cape.  
Lake Superior